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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 26, 1903. NUMBER 26

IN the suburb, in the town,
On the railway, in the square,
Came a beam of goodness down
Doubling daylight every where:
Peace now each for malice takes
Beauty for his sinful weeds,
For the angel Hope aye makes
Him an angel whom she leads.

—*Emerson.*

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Notes 407
Women's Clubs 408
Sidney H. Morse 409
An Allegory—*Edwin Markham* 410
Some Memories of Emerson.—ROBERT COLLYER 411
Anthropological Notes.—FREDERICK STARR 413
Religious Cossacks 413
Till We Meet Again—*Caroline Duer* 413

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
Chapter XIX.—Pride.—W. L. SHELDON 413

PAGE.

Higher Living XXXV 415
Real Manhood.—WILLIAM BRUNTON 416

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living.—EMERSON 417
The Snow Bird 417
School Memories 417
The American Boys 417

THE FIELD.
The Church and Young Men.—F. C. CRESSEY 418
An Appeal on Behalf of the Neglected Children of India 418
Foreign Notes.—M. E. H. 418

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

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UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1903. NUMBER 26

Germany has undertaken to list her drunkards. Town officers are supposed to furnish the list of all the hard drinkers in the town to the local medical board, who diagnose the cases of the same and report to proper authorities. In this way, the report says, "it is hoped that the black sheep will be weeded out by submitting them to a strict course of treatment." Perhaps the process would be a little more economical if the black lambs were dealt with.

The *Book-Lovers' Magazine* for February is a notable number of this new venture. The thirty pages of Emerson material, abundantly illustrated, is as yet the most attractive inauguration of the Emerson Centennial season that has come under our observation. In "The Tribute of a Son," Dr. Emerson, speaking of his father's experience on the Lyceum platform, says: "He found with pleasure that people welcomed on week days the things they shrank from in Sunday garb." Is it so yet? Do men listen with the same open ears on Sunday that they do on Monday? Do the women speak their minds as freely in the Sunday-school class as they do at the Wednesday club? If not, why not?

Last week's issue of the *Congregationalist* contains an interesting study of the present condition and future prospects of Christianity in India, with special reference to the decentennial conference of missionaries held in Madras. Among the notable advances mentioned was "the unanimous acceptance of the principle of arbitration in settling any matters of difference which might arise between different denominations." It would seem then that up to this time the denominations were on a war basis and that competition and strife were in the field. When the churches fully recognize the principle of arbitration as the best means of settling their differences the one with the other, perhaps the nations will follow the benign example.

Last week's *Outlook* contains a very interesting account of a work as yet too little known; may we hope a work that is eventually to be not only better known, but much copied? There is much interest manifested in many quarters in settlement work, industrial education, etc., etc., in the city, but the Rev. Mr. Pressey, a Unitarian minister at Montague, Mass., after a long experience in trying to keep alive a country church, has ventured to revive an old method. He has become "Bernard the Second." On the farm, with country surroundings, he has established a "New Clairvaux" where culture and industry, religion and work, go hand in hand. It is too long a story to be told in a note, but here are conveniences for printing, weaving, carpentry, as well as garden-making and berry-picking in the season. Of course, Tolstoy, Ruskin and William Morris would naturally be the patron saints of such a movement. The names and faces of Booker T. Washington and Victor Hugo are also in evidence. He publishes a little paper entitled *Country Time and Tide.* Perhaps the minsters who are in despair over their parishes, and the parishes which are discouraged about their ministers had better send for copies of this magazine and study it.

We print in another column a portion of an appeal on behalf of neglected children in India, which issues from the office of the Open Court, 324 Dearborn street, Chicago, that will reach, we trust, a sympathetic chord in the hearts of many of our readers. We cannot better at this time interpret the appeal than by giving our readers the following extract from a private letter to the editor, written by Mr. Dharmapala, who is now on the Pacific Coast. All those who were able to attend the Parliament of Religions will well remember this benign Buddhist from Ceylon and are prepared to believe in the sincerity of his purpose. They will be glad to know of his work and if possible to help it along:

1909 Leavenworth Street,
San Francisco, Cal., February 17, 1903.

Dear Friend and Brother: The annexed circular is for insertion if possible in the Unity. * * * The different Christian sects only look for the exoteric conversion of the man into a form of theological Christianity. The millions of children that are absolutely neglected by their ignorant parents and by the state if given an education on the lines similar to the technical industrialism in American schools, could be made to develop. In seven years we shall see substantial results if the movement is started. * * *

England has failed in her mission in India. She has become more barbaric in her imperialism in India than the most despotic of autocrats in wasting *six millions of dollars* in the coronation festival which lasted *only thirteen days,* for the glorification of Lord Curzon and a few "society loafers," as the editor of the London *Truth* calls them. Forty millions are daily starving in India, industries are killed and education is prohibited. It is a glorious work to elevate the fallen and to give strength to the feet, so that they may stand on their legs. If each liberal-minded American would give a dollar the movement shall be a success. Yours sincerely,

H. DHARMAPALA.

Probably the hardest worked tissue in the biological world today is that which enters into the nerve and muscle of a society woman in full strain. Not one of the domestic animals, no beast of burden would stand the continuous strain for so many consecutive hours in so many consecutive days, weeks and months, as the society woman does during the

"season." Startling as the announcement may be, few men can or will stand the strain which their wives and mothers successfully endure. The pressure upon the President of the United States must be great; the demand upon his time and attention is continuous, severe and exacting, but some recent figures, apparently authoritative, would show that his poor wife has been submitted to a much more severe ordeal. The wonder is not that she has shown signs of breaking, but that the break has been postponed so long. The figures referred to show that since November last she has given thirty-six dinner parties with an average attendance of twenty people; she has given three state dinners with an average attendance of ninety guests; six musicales with an average attendance of three hundred. This makes forty-five high-strain occasions over which she presided in about three months, nearly four a week. In addition to this she has attended eight cabinet dinners and entertained two hundred house guests, two hundred and seventy-five guests at luncheon and twenty guests at breakfast. When one remembers the strain and the straining harness into which the body is put at such times as these, adding to the social strain the constrained position of the physical organism, one begins to realize what exquisite tenacity and marvelous endurance belong to the body feminine. Mrs. Russell Sage, of New York, who presumably knows what she is talking about, has recently been saying that the women of Washington, New York and other great "social centers" cannot possibly avoid a physical break down except by cultivating the home as a place of refuge and the Sabbath day as a time of rest. She says of the society woman in New York:

"She knows but little of home life. If she could only keep herself free to attend to her home duties to some extent she would not find herself so often breaking down; or even if social duties were to pause one day in the week." "But," adds this representative of a pathetic class of sufferers, "nowadays dinners, musicales and calls make Sunday as busy as other days."

The laborer works six days and rests on the seventh, but the society woman is not so fortunate.

Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Lucretia M. Heywood is a woman who has been closely identified with the best life of Chicago for many years. For a time she served as one of the strong supports of Robert Collyer in his ministry, and when he left, Unity Church found in her a stanch supporter. She was the sixth president of the Chicago Woman's Club, serving it in 1887-8. At a recent reunion held in honor of the club's ex-presidents, Mrs. Heywood spoke words that call for searching examination on the part of those who have entered into the great modern industry of "Women's Clubs." She said, as reported in the daily papers:

"I believe that the day of women's clubs is past, and that instead has come the time for men's and women's clubs.

"I do not believe in segregation. It is harmful in its results, wrong in theory and otherwise objectionable. It may last for a little time yet, but it cannot live, whether it be in school, society, club or any other organization. The growth of the woman's luncheons, her teas and receptions and clubs has done much toward the movement for segregation. Now has come the time for the joining of forces. Men and women are interested alike in art, literature, science, philosophy, philanthropy and reform. Let the women keep their clubs if they wish, but the coming club movement, I believe, is that wherein both men and women are workers and are heard."

We commend these words to those who have in the past found in the club such an opportunity for expression, and ask them to consider the inevitable law of life which runs the cycle of growth, stability, stolidity, decay and death. The early days of the woman's club in Chicago were the days of earnest leadership, aggressive reform, days of the pioneer and the initiative. Since then, the Women's Club movement has taken on social functions, is beset with political ambitions and decrees, its federations are encumbered with Saratoga trunk impedimenta, and it is time to ask whether in some lives, at least, this movement does not carry a practical if not a theoretical menace to the home and the church. With all their desirable training in paper writing, speech making and parliamentary efficiency; with all their impromptu discussions of profound questions, and necessarily superficial study of great academic problems, this latest development of institutional life that has so much to commend it, this vast and absorbing club life should be tested by such questions as these, which we do not answer. Let each woman look into her own heart and find the answer in the privacy of her own soul, and be guided thereby.

Is the amount of time and money invested in these directions withdrawn from other interests and responsibilities more pressing and more permanent? Are the returns commensurate with these costly investments? Do these diversions deepen the spiritual intercourse with their children, their husbands, fathers and brothers? Do they continuously help women to meet the claims of the higher causes with more patience, humility and faith? Do they get at the best there is in them and the best there is in society when they meet in a self-centered organization that effectively excludes one sex and all children, and even all women who are not voted agreeable and congenial? Is home the sweeter, truth more attractive, duty more pressing, outside of these social eddies where only the well dressed, the well behaved and presumably the well informed appear and where even the serious problems of life and the high discussions are apt to be sandwiched in between snatches from the opera and pink tea.

These questions may be impertinent; at least, they may not be pertinent to the question in hand. But one thing is certain. Answer this as you will, the great bulk of the home-makers of the world are not eligible to these clubs. The great hungry heart of motherhood and the weary feet of children are outside the direct reach of any fraternity based on constitutions and by-laws, membership to which is conditioned by fees and ballot. Let those who find their lives made sweeter, the world brighter, heart and conscience more active in any or all these activities, continue therein. Let those who doubt, hesitate and investigate, lest a passing gain lead them to overlook the inevitable boundaries that are set to all man-made organizations. In the great evolutions of history there remain but four permanent compacts that hold in all nations, in all

ages, to which all other activities and industries are made subservient, and these are the home, the school, the church and the state. The first named is the pivotal point that tests the value and proportions the advantages of the other three.

Sidney H. Morse.

A private note to the editor, dated San Mateo, Fla., February 19, says:

"My dear brother, Sidney H. Morse, passed away last night. He had been failing for the last few weeks. He did not suffer much pain towards the last. It was, as you know, principally a case of paralysis."

Thus closes a gentle, fertile, hopeful, loving, and, measured by the standards of earth, unsuccessful life. life.

Mr. Morse was touched with the genius that gave him aptitudes, facilities and appetites in many directions, but, wanting the last precipitant, stopped short of that final crystallization which gives what the world calls "success." Born poor, he went through life poor. "I have not carried a pocketbook for many years, finding that I have so little use for it," we once heard him playfully remark. His childhood was spent in a Quaker home and in a stone-cutter's shop, his father being a dealer in and maker of tombstones, we believe, in Richmond, Ind., or not far over the line in Ohio. Through the trade of a stone-cutter he grew into the ambitions and then into the vocation of a sculptor. But the road to his chosen art was a winding one, and he reached this vocation too late in life ever to secure the solid foothold that would insure success. In the last days of Horace Mann he was drawn to Antioch, but the war came and scattered the class. Then came some broken preparations for the Unitarian ministry, some hopeful experimentations in the Unitarian pulpits of Cincinnati, Ohio, Fond du Lac, Wis., and elsewhere before he drifted eastward and began the publication of the *Radical,* a monthly advocate of liberal religion which, with all its faults, was too good to live, and it died from its excellencies—not before it had received tangible recognition in the way of valuable contributions from the leading authors in America, with Ralph Waldo Emerson at the head. Meanwhile the tireless editor was busy with his clay in Boston, securing sittings from the men he most liked. A few faces absorbed his study throughout life. He became a peripatetic sculptor, settling down quietly under most economic and modest conditions, now in New York, then Philadelphia, Rochester, Chicago, Buffalo and many smaller places. Meanwhile always writing, frequently lecturing, always to the delight of the few friends, and they always of the best. Such was ever his reward.

He was never married. He loved children; attracted boys as a magnet does steel filings. The small paper tablet and the bit of charcoal were all the tools he needed to make himself equally delightful to the grandchild and the grandmother. With these instruments he was equally at home with the waiters at the restaurant and the college professors.

Among his most successful busts are those of William Ellery Channing, which he put into marble, and is, we believe, now one of the treasures of Channing's old church in Boston. His Oliver Wendell Holmes, we believe, is also in marble. While in Philadelphia he gave many months to the study and companionship of Walt Whitman, made an heroic bust of the "good gray poet" which had striking power, and it is a pity if it is not preserved and cannot be reproduced. When in Chicago he modeled for All Souls Church, in heroic size, the four great liberal masters—Channing, Emerson, Parker and Martineau, which have grown very precious to those who frequent that audience room. While in Chicago he also worked out in statuette size a charming little "Columbus" and "Lincoln in War Times," trying to give to that face the element of strength and determination which belonged to it, which the camera always dispelled and which the current books and too often popular sentiment underestimated.

But the best known and most satisfactory was his little bust of Emerson, and a companion bust of Carlyle. The Emerson bust is very satisfactory to the family. To reproduce this small bust of Emerson in life size and put it in marble has been the standing commission for many years and it became the sweet though elusive quest of his latter years. Through all the years he was known to the present writer he never was without an Emerson in the clay. The last time we visited him in his humble studio in Buffalo, up three flights of stairs, in the Exposition summer of 1901, after he had received his "first stroke," he was very feeble and tottering, but with trembling hands he removed the wet cloths that kept plastic the clay of his Emerson, upon which he said he was able to work not more than an hour in the day. But bright and hopeful came the usual question, "How do you like it?" and the assurance, "I haven't got it yet, but I think I am on the track of it." It was now the eyes, and then the brow, and then the chin that eluded him. And it was always a spiritual quest. Stained with his clayey fingers were the Emerson, Whitman, and the few other poets ever near. His studio was also his bedroom and living room, his parlor, and, above all, his oratory. For Sidney Morse was a worshiper after the spirit of the Psalms and the beatitudes. He knew his Job and his Shakespeare. To him there was no quarrel between Epictetus, Voltaire and Paul.

He was a wholesome democrat after the manner of Lincoln, Victor Hugo and Whitman. He loved to write, but his words, like his clay, never quite reached his ideals. While in Chicago he gave busy leisure to the writing of an art novel into which he wrought not only his own experience, but much of the high intercourse which he had enjoyed with poets, artists and preachers. Rare autograph letters from poets and artists at home and abroad were pinned into the manuscript uncopied. One day, with the flush of completion, he started down to All Souls Church to confide the manuscript to the inspection of the sympathetic friends at the parsonage. But, lo! as he stepped off the street car he found that the precious roll, the result of

years of meditation and accumulation, had fallen out of his pocket and it was never reclaimed.

This experience may well represent the tragic side of Sidney Morse's life, and still the word is too grewsome. Here is a man who drained the bitter cup of disappointment apparently to its dregs. As a preacher, poet, editor, lecturer, artist, enamored alike of crayon, water color, oil and clay, he was—yes, let us write the word—a "failure." And yet he reached his three-score and beyond, all the days of which were suffused with the radiance of the ideal, very many of which were days of vision, of delightful inspiration. Always he was enamored of the muses; the masters were his constant companions. This homeless man was a home-maker. This childless man was rich in the love of children. Little girls clambered upon his knees and little boys hung upon his shoulders and wise men coveted his presence.

"In the suburb, in the town,
On the railway, in the square,
Came a beam of goodness down
Doubling daylight everywhere."

This sketch is wanting in the dates and details which are not at hand, but which we hope some friend of UNITY and of Mr. Morse will furnish. We trust that there are some outward things, some few outward results, tangible outputs of his life, that will still be conserved and made available. The busts alluded to above ought to be made available and kept in the market, for there is a limited though we hope a gowing class who will want them. But not by these fragmentary witnesses to a patient and loving life would we justify such a life as Sidney Morse's, but rather by the unwritten, the unrealized, the unattained element in the life of Sidney Morse. What he accomplished was not inconsiderable; it was greater than that which most of his critics have to show for their lives; but by his disappointments, his defeats, his failures, is his life vindicated.

"He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
Found, or earth's failure:
* * * *
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him:
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him."

Edward Emerson told the writer some years ago, as we remember the story, that when as a lad he was starting for Boston one day his father handed him a newspaper clipping, a poem, and asked him to seek the editor of the *Radical* and find out, if he could, the author of the anonymous lines. The boy did as required; found Mr. Morse in his clay and mid his clay-stained books. Blushingly the editor confessed that he was the author of the lines which he had given to the press without a name.

"Father says he would like, with your permission, to print them in his 'Parnassus,'" the volume of selections which he was then editing. Consent was given. Then adds the messenger, "Father thinks it would be more effective if it was written in the first person, singular." Again the modest blushes and the confession, "I wrote them so at first."

In our issue of Jan. 29 we printed a few lines entitled "A Thought," which Mr. Morse laid on the family table to await the return of bruised hearts from the burial of a dear boy, the light of the home, and we now append to this imperfect sketch of a long-time friend and loyal and loving supporter of UNITY the poem just referred to, copied from Emerson's "Parnassus":

SUNDERED.

I challenge not the oracle
That drove you from my board:
I bow before the dark decree
That scatters as I hoard.

You vanished like the sailing ship
That rides far out at sea.
I murmur as your farewell dies
And your form floats from me.

Ah! ties are sundered in this hour:
No tide of fortune rare
Shall bring the heart I owned before
And my love's loss repair.

When voyagers make a foreign port,
And leave their precious prize,
Returning home they bear for freight
A bartered merchandise.

Alas! when you come back to me,
And come not as of yore,
But with your alien wealth and peace,
Can we be lovers more?

I gave you up to go your ways,
O you whom I adored!
Love hath no ties, but Destiny
Shall cut them with a sword.

—*Sidney H. Morse.*

An Allegory.

There is flying through the world the story of a builder, the foolish eye-servant, a poor rogue. He and his little ones were wretched and roofless, whereupon a certain good Samaritan said in his heart, "I will surprise this man with the gift of a comfortable home." So, without telling his purpose, he hired the builder at fair wages to build a house on a sunny hill and then went on business to a far city.

The builder was left at work with no watchman but his own honor. "Ha!" said he to his heart. "I can cheat this man. I can skimp the material and scamp the work." So he went on, spinning out the time, putting in poor service, poor nails, poor timbers.

When the Samaritan returned the builder said: "That is a fine house I built you on the hill." "Good," was the reply; "go move your folks into it at once, for the house is yours. Here is the deed."

The man was thunderstruck. He saw that instead of cheating his friend for a year, he had been industriously cheating himself. "If I had only known it was my house I was building!" he kept muttering to himself.

But in a deep sense we are always building our own houses. Each one dwells in the heaven or hell of his own making.

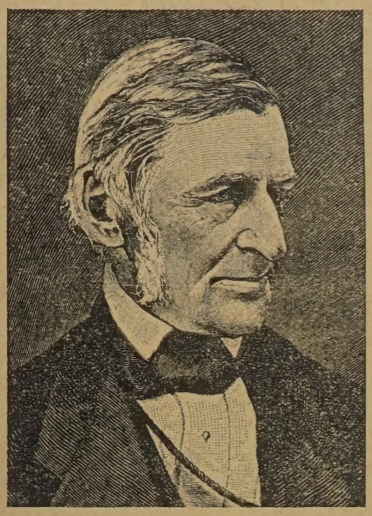
I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds sure and fast,
That into this fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of man is cast.

—*Edwin Markham.*

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



III.

(Copyright.)

Some Memories of Emerson.

By Robert Collyer.

I think it was in 1862 that I called to see Mr. Emerson in Concord, with a note of introduction from my friend, Moncure D. Conway. He gave me a good welcome and I spent the afternoon with him, eating pears, or perhaps I ate them while he hunted them for me in the drawers where they were hidden away to mellow, and when I had eaten quite as many as were good for me or any other man he would still find another and say, "You must try this; it is of such a variety," and I did not say him nay. I had imagined he would "talk like a book," but this was not true. He talked in the simplest fashion about Concord and other matters, and I may say just here that in all the years when I would meet him after this he never, as we say, "talked shop." I met him again when he came to lecture in Chicago. He came to the services in our little church on the corner. The war was on us then and money was needed for the families of the men who had enlisted from our parish. So a collection was taken of about fifteen hundred dollars. Mr. Emerson gave with the congregation and came to drink tea with us that evening; clasped my hand as he left the manse and said, "Come to see us in Concord again, and we will make our meadows shine for you." He would usually come to tea when he was in Chicago over a Sunday and never put on airs, and once on such a Sunday read his lecture or essay as a labor of love to our people in the church with many more. This was in the great new church and there was an immense congregation from all over the city. Always when we met on his visits he would want to know what we were doing for the intellectual advancement of our wonderful young city. So I would tell him what I knew. He was interested also in her rapid growth and the reasons for this, and said to me one day, when he had talked with William B. Ogden, then in the fine flower of his good old age: "Mr. Ogden is a wonderful man; he holds the great Northwest in the hollow of his hand." The first tunnel under the lake was just completed on one of his visits. Mr. William Clarke was the engineer. Mr. Emerson said he would like to go through the tunnel. So Mr. Clarke went with us quite to the other end. Mr. Emerson said it was a wonderful stroke of work. I think it was on this visit also some one told him that a brother of Charles Dickens was a clerk in the offices of the Illinois Central Railroad and was a little urgent that Mr. Emerson should call on him. We went together, but the brother of Charles Dickens had something less than naught to say, and as we left the room Mr. Emerson muttered, "Why should we go to see that man?" But as we left the building an officer met us and said, "Will you spare a moment, sir, to see something we are very proud of, sent to us just now from down the state?" So he took us to a room to see perhaps a dozen stalks of corn with full ears. The stalks, he told us, were fourteen feet high. "Ah, now," Mr. Emerson said, in the tone we still remember, "this is worth seeing, indeed," and thanked the officer warmly for the favor. He had not lost his day, or gone, after all, as old Thomas Fuller says, on "a sleeveless errand."

It was always my choice opportunity when I met him to speak of some book or books, and once I said, "What do you make, sir, of this new poet, Swinburne?" The Laus Veneris had been published that year. He was silent a moment, and then said, "I do not like a man who bites his mistress's neck." That was all, and it was enough.

Once on a visit we went to drink tea at the house of my dear friend, Mr. Dexter. A young school teacher went with me, and on our way to the lecture she took his arm. "What are you reading?" he asked her, as they went along the street. "The poets, sir," she answered, "I love best." "And what poets?" "Emerson," she answered. Whereat he shook his head. "And Tennyson." "Ah, that is better." "And Wordsworth." "Best of all," he said, eagerly and brightly. "Give your days to Wordsworth." In the summer before he died I preached in Concord one Sunday. He was present at the services and I went in the afternoon to tea at the lovely old home. He was sitting then on the side of the river in the land of Beulah, where Bunyan's pilgrim sits, and a light which is not of the sun shone through the fine old face and eyes as through a dim transparency. We could not talk of the old times. These were no more remembered, and he was mostly silent, but now and then would say a word full of my host's sweet courtesy, but I felt this was a communion service as we sat about the table, and after this I saw his face no more.

Anthropological Notes.

Sale of Japanese Art Treasures.—On January 20 and 21, in the parlors of the Auditorium Hotel, there was held an auction sale of unusual interest. Mr. Frank Leonard of Boston was the auctioneer, and the collection, consigned by Yamanaka & Co., of Japan, consisted of 300 art objects, mostly from Buddhist temples of the Island Empire. The greater number of pieces were wood carvings and among them were ancient pieces attributed to such great masters as Unkei and Tankei. Some of the panels were particularly attractive, carved with elaborate floral and bird designs, with mythical beasts or with curious scenes from the national mythology; the carved work whether fine and detailed or sketchy and massive was excellent and the coloring—now delicate, now glaring, or again rich and heavy gilding—was wonderful. Several sets of wooden doors, mostly in fours, with the decorative designs continued from one to another, were in the collection; while all of these

were beautiful, one set in open carved work, floral designs, wonderfully dainty in coloring, was the favorite. A number of carvings in the round, true sculptures in wood, were parts of temple construction or appurtenances, like the dog *foos* and the *nio* figures—temple guardians. Among temple stands was one fine old specimen with dark red lacquer. Objects directly connected with ceremonial, as idols, shrines, and canopies, were usually of good grade. The attendance of purchasers was curiously small and the bidding was lacking in spirit and discrimination. On the whole, pieces brought poor prices. Most of the best prices offered by parties, who made personal purchases, were for what was curious—idols, shrines, tengai, etc.—rather than for what was artistically fine. Several of the finest things went back to Boston, as prices offered before the sale by Eastern purchasers were better than could be given here! A pretty catalogue of the sale was printed with cover in Japanese style.

Congress of Americanists.—The first Congress of Americanists was held in 1875. It was a gathering of archaeologists, ethnologists and anthropologists who were particularly interested in American problems. From time to time the subsequent congresses were held in various European cities and it was the understanding that they were not to go outside of that continent. In 1894 the regular meeting took place at Stockholm and it was decided to hold a "special session" in the City of Mexico. This took place in October, 1895, and was a brilliant success. The next, twelfth, session was at Paris in 1900 and the plan of meetings was there modified. It was agreed that thenceforth meetings should be regularly held every two years, that they should be alternately in American and European cities, and that no one country should have the honor of two consecutive meetings of its continent. The thirteenth Congress met in October last at New York, through the week beginning with the 20th. The meetings took place in the American Museum of Natural History. The Duke of Loubat was the honorary president. Delegates were present from more than a dozen countries of Europe and North, Central and South America. Nearly, or quite, 300 members were enrolled. More than a hundred papers were in the program and in connection with some of them interesting discussions took place. The Congress as a body was the guest of Columbia University through one morning and was entertained at luncheon in the refectory of that institution. Morning and afternoon sessions were held daily and lunch was served at the Museum to spare delegates a midday break. The rich collections of the Museum were at the disposition of the Congress. Apart from the public work of the meeting, the opportunity for social intercourse between representatives from so many lands and speaking different languages, was highly important. After the week in New York many delegates participated in the excursions that had been arranged to Cambridge, Salem, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Chicago, all centers of work in line with the aims of the Congress. The Congress of 1904 is set for Stuttgart, Germany.

The Lansing Man.—Among the matters of special interest considered in the Congress was "The Lansing Man." Last year, in Lansing, Kas., human remains were found in a deposit of undisturbed clay at a depth of twenty feet. The material appeared to be loëss, a peculiar, fine-grained, homogeneous clay of glacial age. The remains consisted of part of an adult skull, a femur and some other bones probably belonging to the same person, and a fragment of a child's jawbone. If these are truly from undisturbed loëss, they are extremely ancient. The question is seen to be at once anthropological and geological. The *crux* is the matter of deposit—is it true loëss? Prof. Winchell and Mr. Upham assert it to be so; Prof. Chamberlain and others consider it a later deposit, made from true loëss, by perhaps river action. We believe Prof. Chamberlain makes a clear case and doubt the great antiquity of the deposit. The remains themselves, in their condition of preservation and in their anatomical characters, do not suggest a "primitive type" nor one different from the Indians recently in that region.

Mexican Manuscripts.—The Duke of Loubat, who presided over the Congress of Americanists, has been conspicuously interested in ancient Mexican manuscripts. We have all heard the stories—probably exaggerated—of the destruction of Aztec books by Zumarraga, the first Bishop of Mexico; it is less well known that the Indians themselves, accidentally or with intent, had destroyed great numbers of ancient records, even before the white man's influence. But quite a number of these ancient books are still preserved—mostly in European museums and libraries. The truly native Aztec book was composed of a long and narrow strip of paper or dressed skin, which was folded screen-wise into leaves of a convenient size; covers of wood were sometimes attached to the end sheets and might be inlaid or encrusted with bits of green stone—turquois or chalchihuitl. The writing was mainly pictorial and the pages of such a book are sometimes a curious mass of brilliant and quaint designs. These books were ceremonial, divinatory or historical. Some progress has been made in their elucidation, but the great need is that accurate copies of the manuscripts may be within reach of students. This need the Duke of Loubat has undertaken to meet. He has already published in *exact fac simile* (size, material, color, text) seven of these curious works. It is stated that he is now reproducing an eighth number. Though such reproduction work is expensive, he has, with great liberality, presented copies to all the libraries, universities and museums in Europe, America and Japan, where they would be likely to be appreciated.

The Iowa Masonic Library.—Among the papers at the Congress was one by Miss Britten upon the "Mural Paintings at Chichen Itza, Yucatan." These ruins are world-famous; upon some of their inner walls are remarkable paintings representing scenes of ancient daily life. They are wonderfully interesting for their enormous detail of types, dress, implements and occupation. Miss Britten carefully traced these directly from the walls and colored them after the originals. Mr. Edward H. Thompson, who has spent years in studying Chichen Itza, will, no doubt, eventually give us the authoritative work upon that locality. But both Miss Britten and Mr. Thompson are late in arriving on the ground. Years ago Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon, and his brilliant wife, immured themselves in the wilderness of Yucatan and conducted a field work, which in some respects has never been excelled. He studied these mural paintings when better preserved than now and copied them in life size and natural color. These copies have just been placed at the Iowa Masonic Library, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Their interest and importance are fully recognized and they are now publicly displayed and available for study.

FREDERICK STARR.

Religious Cossacks.

Editor of UNITY:

When Peter the Great of Russia decided that his Finnish subjects should cease to be Pagans and join the Orthodox Greek Church, he acted with promptness and force. He sent them some Bishops and

Priests, but for assistance in converting the heathen he depended chiefly on a regiment of Cossacks. Their method was simple and effective. They surrounded a village, the Priests preached a sermon, then the Cossacks drove the villagers, at the point of the lance, into the nearest running stream. Here the Bishops baptized the people *en masse,* and lo the village was Christianized!

Recent evangelistic methods among the *Orthodox* Protestants remind one of the great Peter and his Cossacks. The scholars from several Sunday Schools, in some of which the Gospel is usually presented in a mild way, were gathered into a large church. There surrounded by their teachers, ministers, etc., and after singing, prayer and an inflammatory address, they were put to the question. First all those who were church members were told to rise to their feet. Immediately the young people and children, some only eight or ten years old, who were converted at the last *soul-harvest,* rose and the others began to feel themselves considered wicked. Then all those who believed that they ought to be members and wished for salvation, although so far they were unconverted, were to rise. Of course, nearly all those seated rose at this order, especially as they were personally besought to do so by teachers and friends, the few thoughtful, conscientious and truthful, who were brave enough to endure the looks of sorrow and compassion from those around them, remained seated. Then followed more singing and prayer and another short address, the excitement rising with every sentence, the saved ones and those who had expressed a desire to be saved, all standing, the wicked wretches, now very few, remaining seated. Then all those who, whether they wished for salvation or not, believed that only the Blood of Jesus could save them from eternal perdition, were asked to rise and to write their names on cards.

This was too much for all but one, a delicate, refined, highly-sensitive girl, who having been reared in an atmosphere of liberal thought, doubts the efficacy of the Blood, and having been trained in intellectual honesty, could not act a lie, even to escape the torture she was enduring compared with which the priest of the Cossack's lance was pleasure. At this point her closest friend, a dear girl a year older who had been converted and joined the church years ago, could not endure her friend's suffering and sat down beside her, even tho' in so doing she ranged herself before the congregation with the unbelieving.

The girl in question went home heartsick, utterly worn out with the intensity of her suffering, but loyal as ever to the truth. Nervous headaches for a week and failure in her high-school classes are a part of the penalty she pays for attending Sunday School because her girl friends attend it. A. GOATHERD.

Till We Meet Again.

Altho my feet may never walk your ways,
No other eyes will follow you so far;
No voice rise readier to ring your praise,
Till the swift coming of those future days
When the world knows you for the man you are.

You must go on and I must stay behind.
We may not fare together, you and I.
But, tho the path to Fame be steep and blind,
Walk, strong and steadfastly, before mankind,
Because my heart must follow till you die.

Steadfast and strongly, scorning mean success.
Lenient to others—to yourself severe.
If you must fail, fail not in nobleness.
God knows all other failures I could bless
That sent you back to find your welcome here.

—*Caroline Duer in Scribner's Magazine for February.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Series—A Study of Special Habits.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER XIX.

PRIDE.

Proverbs or Verses.

"A man may have a just esteem of himself without being proud."

"A clown enriched knows neither relation or friend."—*French.*

"A man well mounted is always proud."—*French.*

"But yesterday out of the shell, today he despises the shell."—*Turkish.*

"He that is proud eats up himself."—*Shakespeare.*

"He that is on horseback no longer knows his own father."—*Russian.*

"Peacock, look at your legs."—*German.*

"Pride goeth before and shame follows after."

"Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall."

"Pride had rather go out of the way, than go behind."

"Pride increaseth our enemies and putteth our friends to flight."

"Pride leaves home on horseback but returns on foot."—*German.*

"Pride loves no man and is loved by no man."

"Pride scorns the vulgar, yet lies at its mercy."

"Pride triumphant rears her head;
A little while and all her power is fled."—*Goldsmith.*

"The best manners are stained by the addition of pride."

"'Tis pride and not nature that craves much."

"When a proud man hears another praised, he thinks himself injured."

"You a gentleman and I a gentleman, who will milk the cow?"—*Turkish.*

Dialogue.

We said the last time that there was another habit, and a bad one, the opposite of Humility.

Will one of you write the word down: Pride. You see it is short, only of five letters. But it implies a great deal. It is used more often than "proscrastination," and much more often than "humility." But people may not agree quite so much as to what the word really means.

Do not be too sure about what you think of pride,—for you may be mistaken in your opinions. Take care that you are not too proud about how much you know of pride.

Suppose, however, you try and tell me a little about what your idea would be of a proud person.

"Why," you say, "it means that he keeps thinking how superior he is, how much he knows, or how much he can do." Yes, but how can you be sure of this? You cannot enter into his mind. How can you be positive that he keeps thinking of those things?

"We can judge by the way he acts," you continue. Then how does he act? How does he look? What makes you convinced that a certain person is of that type?

"Why," you explain, "he talks about himself. That is enough of itself. He is all the time saying how much he is capable of and repeating what he has done."

Yes. That is one way by which pride shows itself. But is that all? Stop a moment now. You may be repeating yourself. Some time ago you used about this language as describing another bad habit. It was something about self.—What? "Self-conceit," you answer. Yes.

And do you assume that self-conceit and pride are the same thing? "Perhaps they are," you say. No, not quite the same, I must tell you. Think a while longer about it. A person is conceited about *himself.* It is the *self,* you understand—that is, the self inside of himself. He is conceited about what he *can do,* or how much *he knows.*

But could a man be self-conceited about the clothes he wears? "No," you answer, "not exactly that."

What would be the feeling, then, on his part, if a

man talked in a loud sort of a way, or tried to attract people's attention, so that they should observe the quality of his clothes? "Oh, it would be pride," you exclaim.

Suppose, for instance, a boy had a pony or a very much better bicycle than other boys, and he rode his bicycle or pony up and down the street in order to attract attention. That would not be self-conceit exactly. But what would it be?

"Pride," you suggest. Yes, but in what? Would it be pride in himself? "No, not quite," you would say, "it would be pride in his pony or bicycle."

What, for instance, would you think of a man who had no knowledge, was not educated, did not read or travel, in fact did not have much of anything in himself at all, but on the other hand had lots of money, or a fine house, and talked a good deal about it? "It would be the same pride," you answer.

Suppose a man was very stupid, very ignorant, and had very bad manners, but had some well-known family ancestors, and acted therefore as if on that account he thought a great deal of himself? Once more you suggest "Pride."

You say that being self-conceited implies a feeling about one's self on the inside. But what do people take pride in, especially. Is it in what is on the inside or the outside, do you think? "Oh the outside," you exclaim. "It is in the clothes, the dress, the money, one's ancestors, the display one can make."

Yes, we are coming to the point now. But is the *feeling* of pride on the outside, just like the clothes, or the house, or the money? "No," you assure me, "that is on the inside."

Tell me now. How is it with proud people? You said that we rather admire real humility. But do we like or esteem a proud man? "No," you reply, "not usually." But are they not pleasant company? Would you not like to associate with a boy or girl who was very proud? "Not generally," you admit.

But why not? They may be able to dress remarkably well, or make lots of display. Why should you not admire them? "Because," you answer, "there may be nothing in them especially to admire." Yes, but you admire their clothes, do you not? "That may be very well," you tell me, "but the clothes are not the person."

You mean, do you, that you could admire a person's clothes, and not the person himself? "Yes, decidedly," you insist.

And is there any other reason why you would not quite like a proud man or a proud woman. Are they usually, for instance, pleasant persons to associate with? "No," you assert, "they are liable to be disagreeable."

But in what way? "Why," you answer, "they are disagreeable because they do not care about other people. What they want is that we should admire them for their clothes or their display."

Have you ever thought anything about the way pride influences a man when he gets into the *habit* of that kind of feeling? Is such a man ever ashamed of anything? "Not of anything he does himself," you say. I suppose that is true.

But is he ever ashamed of anything at all? "Yes, of some things." Perhaps he may be ashamed of other people, of his old friends, for instance.

Suppose a man inherits a large sum of money and then buys a fine house and begins to wear nice clothes and put on much display, what could make him ashamed of his old friends?

"Why," you explain, "he may feel the difference now between them and himself." Difference in what? I ask. "Oh," you add, "in the clothes and the house and the display."

Why should he care? Why should he not like to have his old friends with him all the same, so that they could admire his new wealth and his new home? "Ah," you say, "the presence of his old friends reminds other people of the fact that he too was at one time poor."

I am afraid you are right. It is a very sad circumstance, but true enough! People who by accident have good fortune come to them and put on a lot of display, are often ashamed of their old friends. They don't like to be reminded of the fact that they were once in very plain circumstances.

But don't you think that is rather a mean feeling? Would it not be a shame that one really ought *to be ashamed of?*

What would you say of a boy or girl who had a father and mother with little or no education, but who had been helped and educated through great sacrifice on their part, and then as he grows older and succeeds in the world, begins to be ashamed of his poor father and mother. What kind of a feeling would that be? "Pride," you say. Yes, that is just what it would be, *pride.*

But does it not strike you as something positively awful for a boy or girl in that way to be ashamed of their father and mother, who made such sacrifices for their children?

Why do you suppose that people ever do have that feeling? How is it that a man or woman could sometimes display such a wicked shame for their father and mother? What reason would they have for not liking to have their parents live at home with them, for example?

You answer, "It would remind other people of their lowly start in life, of the fact that they were poor when they were young and did not have a fine house or plenty of money."

You assume, then, that pride can have a certain very bad influence on a man's feelings, or a man's character. I certainly think so.

I wonder if you have ever heard an old proverb which says:

"Pride comes before a fall?"

Can you see the meaning there? What does it suggest to you? Suppose a man had been very proud and something should happen to him, so that people began to quote that old proverb concerning him, what would it bring to your mind?

"It would suggest," you tell me, "that probably he had lost his money or his beautiful house; that something had occurred which had taken away what he took pride in, and that this had given him a fall."

But how is it that such a proverb ever came into existence, do you suppose? Can you see any reason for it? "Yes," you assure me, "perhaps there have been proud people who have had a fall, and in that way persons began to associate pride and a fall together."

But is there any circumstance which might sometimes bring proud people to a fall, more than other kind of people? Take, for instance, two persons, a man of genuine humility and a proud man, both of whom had been very successful, and had plenty of opportunity for display and a great deal of money. Which one, do you think, would be the more likely to have a fall some time? "The proud man," you suggest.

Yes, but why? What is it that a proud man takes pride in? Outside things especially, or inside things? "Oh, outside things, of course," you exclaim. Yes, that is what we have already said.

Then do you think that such a man would come to *rely* on those outside things and fancy that he could always depend upon them to save him in any difficulty?

You told me in a previous lesson that the humble person carried his head low. You did not mean that literally, only you implied that was the way such a person felt. It showed his spirit. How would it be on the other hand with a proud man? How would he

carry his head? "Oh," you tell me, "he would hold his head high." Yes, that is true. But what would that mean?

"Why," you explain, "it would imply that he thinks he is all right as he is; that his property or his display will be sufficient, and that he can rely on that all the while."

You see that pride might nourish a false reliance, because it would be a reliance on outside things. Hence he would not go on improving himself or taking care about the future. The result is that if a fall should come he might lose everything. Yes, that proverb is true. The proud man is much more liable to a fall than the man of real humility.

Perhaps you would like to learn another proverb with regard to pride. It is a saying which means a great deal and you will find it worth your while to know it by heart. It reads like this:

"Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall."

Now just one other point. Let us compare pride and humility once more.

When a proud man does a good deed, for instance, or when he performs his duty, for instance, what will he be thinking of? "Oh," you say, "he will be thinking about himself or how people will admire him. Yes, that it true.

But how will it be with the man of real humility? Would he be all the time thinking of what people might say? "No," you add, "he would simply be thinking of the duty he had to perform."

Yes, you are right. Suppose now we go back and form our definition of humility. What if we should put it in this way:

"Humility means doing one's duty because it is one's duty, without being self-conscious or thinking what other people will say."

Then for pride suppose we say:

"Pride implies doing everything with a thought of the display or show it will make."

Poem.

"Down in the green and shady bed
A modest violet grew."—*Jane Taylor.*

Points of the Lesson.

I. That the proud man is inclined to talk about himself.

II. Pride has to do with what is on the outside, the show one can make in the presence of others.

III. Proud people are usually disagreeable, because they think only of themselves.

IV. Pride may make a person ashamed of his friends or even of his father or mother.

V. Pride weakens one's self-reliance, because it leads a person to depend on outside show or display.

VI. The proud man carries his head high, and he is liable to have a fall.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER.—This lesson should certainly give opportunity for stories of one kind or another. It is not necessary that they should come from biography or history. Anecdotes concerning sham display could be introduced. A picture of the peacock could be presented to the class. Throw a contempt into the words used in describing how people show pride, by such terms as "strutting," "crowing." We have not undertaken to deal with the more subtle form of pride, which is perhaps also involved in the disposition of self-conceit, where a person may hold himself indifferent to the opinion of others. Younger children would not catch on to this point. Such a character as that of Grandcourt in George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" is an illustration of the very quintessence of pride. But it is of the kind which is less often seen and against which it is less necessary to fight. What we need to do is to attack "showiness," as one of the most conspicuous vices of the present time; the disposition to try and hold a position before the world by means of what one can exhibit on the outside rather than by means of what one has within one's self.

Higher Living.—XXXV.

An evil action only makes the path for other evil acts; evil thoughts uncontrollably drag out along that path.—Tolstoy.

Every spirit builds itself a house, and beyond its house a world; and beyond its world a heaven. . . . Build, therefore, your own world. As fast as you can form your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions. . . . As when summer comes from the south, the snow banks melt, and the face of the earth becomes green before it, so shall the achieving spirit create its associates along its path, and carry with it the beauty it visits, and the song which enchants it; it shall draw beautiful faces, warm hearts, wise discourse and heroic acts around its way.—Emerson.

When we, in our study of human history, endeavor to gage the moral force or greatness of a people or race, we have but one standard of measurement—the dignity and permanence of their ideal, and the abnegation wherewith they pursue it. The sense of duty, with its correlative phases of authority and subjection, is a sense of the supreme value of the fundamental self and the relative, or instrumental value of the structural self.—*John Dewey.*

For his everlasting good, the adolescent should be made to know that his own experiences are not exceptional or individual, but common and racial. Let him learn perseveringly to react to them all with becoming intelligence, and so, let us hope, wholesomely. If he does, the organism itself will respond more or less perfectly to the quieting influence of curiosity satisfied and of intelligence approved, and, in time, he will emerge from his storm and stress period, with improved chances for being an adult after his own best premonitions, as well as after approved standards. For, when properly taught, there comes slowly but at last clearly into view the idea that all this pubescent commotion is beneficient, in that it leads to finding out the best means to conserve and develop every characteristic of the human being, and, what is better still here, to be directed accordingly.

This suggests that every tendency of the adolescent tenaciously to hold pessimistic or self-deprecatory ideas, or to react badly to any or all sorts of stimuli, should be vigorously supervised and guided. What though the day be cold—does the practice of reacting shiveringly do the human being any good? What though pain does seize the head or back, or stomach? The habit of making a fuss, of seeking baby-like coddling, or drenching oneself in remedies is neither developmental nor healthful. What though disappointments, big or little, do come? Why, react to them as though all the world and all of life itself were at stake. What though persistent moodiness or low emotional tone for the time being does obtrude and dominate and cut off from everything desired or needed? Will an equally bad reaction help recovery or assure future happiness? Surely not, and it were by far better that instead of being allowed to develop believing otherwise, someone competent should take upon himself to thoroughly instruct and convince every adolescent that this very most significant fact of his character-building, should neither be trifled with nor cowardly ignored. On the contrary, let him be led into the habit of knowing that if one goes through life with head fallen, eyes on the ground, heart forboding, thought always perplexed, and feet and hands tremblingly timid, then surely does suffering not only appear to be the inexplicable fact, the useless travesty, the horrid evil which even degrades God himself and condemns man everlastingly, but that, in the presence of such a notion, suffering will actually work out just such effects in his own nature and destiny, as his picture of it portends. On the other hand, does one walk the earth with tread as firm as the rock-bed itself, with head erect and self-carried, with eyes to sky or the distant horizon, or, if necessarily lowered, then on the bright beauties everywhere abounding, with heart full of the joy which is indeed "grace to God," with mind curious, alert, comprehending much and appreciating

all, with hope sure and steadfast, then, what matter if one does come to be even permanently lamed, or blinded, or bethorned, or otherwise misfortuned? He still knows so much that is enjoyable, useful, and hopeful, that evermore it is possible for him to see that the blackest cloud, the stormiest day, the most terrible pain, the deepest despair, the most unfortunate venture may imprison a splendor, which even he may release if only he wills so to do and learns how. In fact he knows that there is no high splendid value which he may not have the entire comfort of realizing eventually, and this, simply, because of the just law, everywhere operative, that so long as we remain sentient, impressionable, conscious beings, just so long will there be, must there be painful contrasts in our experience and yet most joyous reactions and realizations as well; else we would atrophy, degenerate, and surely be "lost" in an irrecoverable sense. The adolescent should be timely convinced that even pain, instead of being a merciless foe, is really the beneficent friend of humanity, at least to those who have learned its necessary inherence in the life of sentient and spiritual beings, in that it suggests the possibility of not only the law of compensatory growth and real happiness, but indicates where this may be discovered, how it enforces obedience, rewards those who thrive by it, and comes to be the parent of the satisfaction which abides. Really, my yoke is easy, it says, my burden is light; and so, indeed, it is, when compared with the chains and sorrows which result from ignorance, and disobedience, and a namby-pamby complaisance.

Keeping always in view the certain biological conclusion, that the only way by which the pains of human life can either be obviated or remedied is through the application of accurate knowledge in due season, we have most vividly suggested that every youth should be taught that one of the most important things he can learn is how to self-direct his life by habits rightly initiated and persistently maintained. For all experience shows that only in this way can he, to any serviceable and permanent extent, ever be able, either to conserve the elements with which he is originally endowed, or to make these over into a better, more healthful order, for himself and the race. So when, practically, he once finds himself sorely scattered, broken, impulsive, weak, wabbling, or ill and dejected, let him proceed, at once, not foolishly as many may have been wont, to whine, and give up, and do worse still, but sensibly to at once clarify his aims, assume self-direction, and realize, through the force of habit in daily practice, just that very thing which he truly aspires to be. In support of this, let, say, Professor James's chapter on "Habit" become the daily reading for a time:—note how this wise man bears on with the idea of habitually practicing that which we would become. Let it be clearly seen also that mere sentimental resolves avail little here, beyond a very simple and forceless initiative; that a whole night of prayer and promise easily dissipates before one sip of the intoxicant, or one kiss of waywardness; that dalliance with sensuality of any kind, even in imagination, effectually neutralizes the influence of ever so genuine agonizing over foolish indulgence; that a single, irregular wastage of a night, disturbs the balance of nerve-tone and mental activity for days and weeks, or, possibly, forever, especially in some constitutions. Moreover, that so must it ever be with gluttonous feasting; so, with the tides of feverish gaming; so, with uncalled-for physical recklessness, even when dignified highly, as by the term "work" or "athletics." And, on the other hand, let it be seen also that he can just as surely trust to those right beginnings and good continuings, which, in the end, actually favor his longed-for comfort and prosperity, as the contrary: yea, that one day of doing what is absolutely right, may be the salvation start,—may become the dominant purpose and work of his life. For the one basal fact is this: that just as are our initiations and habits, that is, as are our common habits of eating, drinking, and excreting; our habits of sensation, of thought and emotion, those of imagination or aspiration, and especially those of activity in any particular direction, so, in fact, are, and will be, all our reactions to environment; so, in fact, are we, so may we be, so will we ever attain, both in health and longevity.

Youth should be taught also to see clearly that habit depends absolutely on the power of initiative coupled with that of persistence. Physiological psychologists tell us that, while certain parts of the brain constitute the instrumentalities of the sensory-motor automatic and impulsive activities, it is the so-called fore-brain that is chiefly the seat of the higher powers—those of inhibition and initiative—that constitute the crowning characteristic, which has been defined by Matthew Arnold as "distinction." Undoubtedly, inhibition and initiation are foremost, both in time and importance; but we must not lose sight, nevertheless, of the power of persistent self-activity, the pulling-down self, or the lifting-up self, so frequently thought of as being of but little consequence. Indeed, it is not cant to say, with such students as Wundt, that there is always something more in our conscious life than can be summed up in its more obvious phases; or, in other words, that in addition to our thoughts as such, there is always the something which we call the Self, with all its determining force. And, I take it, we all may be, and actually will be, "distinguished," if at all, just to the extent only to which we possess or cultivate the power of self-control and self-direction, coupled with energetic, intelligent activity of everything involved. Nature always furnishes lavishly the requisite mechanism; common consciousness furnishes the ideal; practical experience gives us sound hints as to the better way; but we ourselves must always furnish the aim and the directing force,—something generally quite possible to us, if only we "will" to have it so. You note that I say "will,"—a term much out of vogue, I know; yet science as well as experience says: "Use your wills, to keep your thoughts and feelings and efforts rightly aimed and going, and then, will Nature do the rest." Will, undoubtedly, takes its cues from vivid ideas furnished by attention. If we learn to attend to proper things, we may be sure that entirely proper activities will flow naturally, even along the oftentimes much needed lines of greater, instead of lesser, resistance. Says Professor James, "Habits of attention determine largely what experience shall be." Of course, the line of least initiative, least resistance is commonly so attractive, that we readily yield to the "vertiginous fascination" of the broader, seemingly easier, way; and why this, we scarcely know. Nevertheless, this is not the way of health, or of virtue, or of life, especially in any better sense. Every such yielding, in no matter what direction, seemingly means little or nothing; nevertheless, both experience and psychology teach us, that every such yielding will surely leave its furrow, its stain, its rust; and, like the scar after a wound, we are in consequence just as much disfigured and weakened forever after!

SMITH BAKER.

Real Manhood

To be a man, to dream man's dream
  Of giant power with inward peace;
To be one's self, not merely seem,
  And reaching on to love's increase—
This is a greatness worth our while,
  The grandeur to our nature given;
Something the œons to beguile,
  Yet opening here the gates of heaven!

—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.

MON.—The only way to have a friend is to be one.

TUES.—No man was ever known to get a cent's worth without paying in some form or other the cent.

WED.—A word warm from the heart enriches me.

THURS.—Do not bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good.

FRI.—The highest compact we can make with our fellow is: Let there be truth between us two forevermore.

SAT.—Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense.

—*Emerson.*

The Snow-Bird.

In the rosy light trills the gay swallow,
The thrush in the roses below,
The meadow-lark sings in the meadow,
And the snow-bird sings in the snow.
Ah me!
Chicadee!
The snow-bird sings in the snow!

The blue marten trills in the gable,
The wren on the ground below,
In the elm flutes the golden robin,
But the snow-bird sings in the snow.
Ah me!
Chicadee!
The snow-bird sings in the snow!

I love the high heart of the osprey,
The meek heart of the thrush below,
The heart of the lark in the meadow,
And the snow-bird's heart in the snow;
But dearest to me
Chicadee! chicadee!
Is that true little heart in the snow.

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

School Memories.

The close of a year's work suggests some thoughts about the memories of school days, in after life. Those of us who have gone a long way on life's journey know how often, and with what power, such memories come to us. The old school-house, the old teachers, the old boys and girls, the old lessons, the old sports, ay, even the old text-books, come before us as we go out and as we come in, and often in the night watches.

I remember once, many years ago, when a young girl fourteen or fifteen years of age, in a large grammar school, recited beautifully the familiar poem beginning:

"I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree
Beside the school-house playing-ground,
That sheltered you and me, etc."

Would it not be a good thing if teachers would present this thought to their boys and girls sometimes, and remind them that they are daily laying up such a store of memories that will come to them in after life? Might it not make them a little more thoughtful and considerate in their conduct, sometimes?

Visitors were in the school, and, among them, a gray-haired, wealthy, dignified citizen, the mayor of the city. At the close of the recitation, I happened to turn toward "His Honor;" and the tears were silently chasing each other down his furrowed face.—*School and Home Education.*

The American Boys.

There are some people who are disturbed because of the vast number of emigrants who come to America from all the nations of the Old World. They fear that the real Americans will be overwhelmed by the resistless stream of humanity that comes pouring in upon us, and that the principles and institutions for which we have struggled will be set aside. But, as a matter of fact, it seems as if there were some mysterious influence in the very soil of America which begins to work upon a foreigner as soon as he sets his feet upon our shores. There is no more sturdy Americanism anywhere than is to be found among the boys in some of the congested districts of the great cities, where English words are like the shipwrecked Trojans, "struggling here and there in a vast whirlpool."

An amusing incident which illustrates this fact occurred not long ago in connection with one of the settlements on the East Side of New York. There was a large club in the settlement which organized a basket ball team, and when they wanted some distinguishing name one member proposed that the club should be known as the "American Boys." Now, there was not a boy in the club who had an American name, and only one boy who came from a home where English was spoken, but the name was unanimously adopted with great enthusiasm. The American Boys practiced basketball until they became good players, and then they began to play with other similar clubs.

One night they had a game with a brilliant team in one of the large gymnasiums of the city. The game was hotly contested. The American Boys cheered on their comrades with almost deafening shouts, and at length they were victorious. Then the American Boys went wild with delight. They rushed out into the street and cheered until it seemed as if they could have no more voice left. But some one caught sight of the Stars and Stripes floating above the door of the gymnasium. He climbed up to the flag in some way, and brought it down, flagstaff and all, and led the way along the street, followed by the American Boys cheering more loudly than ever, and by thousands of people attracted by the noise. "Hurrah for the American boys!" cried those boys of every other nation. "Hurrah for us!"

Boys that feel that way are not likely to grow up to be aliens or anarchists. In fact, there are young men of old colonial names who might learn a lesson in patriotism from these American Boys of unpronounceable names.

The Whistling Boy.

When the curtains of night, 'tween the dark and the light,
Drop down at the set of the sun;
And the toilers who roam to the loved ones come home,
As they pass by my window is one
Whose coming I mark, for the song of the lark
As it joyously soars in the sky,
Is no dearer to me than the notes, glad and free,
Of the boy who goes whistling by.

If a sense of unrest settles over my breast,
And my spirit is clouded with care,
It all flies away if he happens to stray
Past my window a-whistling an air;
And I never shall know how much gladness I owe
To this joy of the ear and the eye,
But I'm sure I'm in debt for much pleasure I get
To the boy who goes whistling by.

And this music of his, how much better it is
Than to burden his life with a frown,
For the toiler who sings to his purpose brings
A hope his endeavor to crown;
And whenever I hear his glad notes, full and clear,
I say to myself, I will try
To make all of life with a joy to be rife,
Like the boy who goes whistling by.

—Exchange.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Church and Young Men.

In connection with the Department of Sociology at the University of Chicago, a special investigation is being made of religious work on behalf of young men. The results are to be published in book form, and in order that the volume may be comprehensive and of real service, facts and suggestions from pastors, superintendents and other church workers will be welcomed. Information as to books and magazine or newspaper articles bearing upon the subject is also desired. Any measure of co-operation will be much appreciated.

F. G. CRESSEY.

An Appeal on Behalf of the Neglected Children in India.

Two thousand five hundred years ago India was the center of a great civilization. The great Savior of India, Buddha, preached a religion of morality, love, compassion, charity and renunciation to all classes of Indian people. Two thousand years ago, all Asia came under the influence of this compassionate religion.

About a thousand years ago this humane religion was destroyed, by the combined efforts of Brahminical priests and Mohammedan generals; hence the present degradation of over a hundred millions of people in that land.

The "high caste" Brahman does not care for the Sudra. In the sacred books of the Brahmans the Sudra is considered low born. The latter may be intelligent, magnanimous, wealthy; nevertheless he is considered low born.

The hitherto neglected Sudra shall no more be neglected. The Brahmanical power is shaken. Western education and science have accelerated its decline. Humanity is one. The West has joined hands with the East. By the combined efforts of humanitarians and philanthropists of both hemispheres, the long neglected people of India shall be civilized and educated to become men and appreciate human freedom. Illiterate, ignorant, superstitious, sunk in indescribable poverty, yet kind and gentle, over a hundred millions of our brothers in India live in fear, without a ray of hope and freedom. For several generations they have lived in darkness and died. No more shall we remain indifferent to their heart-rending groans.

The three hundred and thirty million gods of India are silent. Perhaps they may be sleeping, for the gods of India do sleep at a time when men are at work.

Heavy taxation is another cause of Indian degradation. Over forty millions are daily in a state of semi-starvation.

Twenty-five hundred years ago, the Prince Siddhartha renounced his throne to help the teeming millions of India, and organized the yellow-robed Brotherhood to teach the people. India today has no Buddhism. Brahmans first and the Mohammedans next are responsible for its destruction.

To elevate India once more, to bring happiness to these one hundred millions, we require the same educational methods that have been adopted by the Americans. It is a great work to give life and light to the descendants of a once great race who are now sunk low in the mire of ignorance, ritualism and selfishness. Only the free people of democratic America can realize the situation of India's degradation.

The great Afro-American educator, Booker T. Washington, has partially solved the problem of negro elevation by his magnanimous efforts in organizing the Tuskegee Industrial Institute where the head and hands of the negro boy are trained, thus giving to the negro the hope of a great future.

The potentialities of the human mind are infinite. Given favorable environments, it grows. The great Buddha brought light and life to the ancestors of the present degenerate Indian people by teaching a psychological doctrine making the *head, hand* and *heart* grow simultaneously.

My intention is to elevate the *neglected children* of these Indian people—so gentle, so obedient, so grateful—by educating them in sound morals and economic industrialism. The American Indian boys of the State Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., under the management of that good man, Colonel Pratt, have shown by their progress the development they have made since 1879. The Asiatic Japanese have made a stupendous revolution in assimilating themselves with the most advanced scientific achievements of Western civilization.

The once enslaved negroes have produced a Booker Washington within forty years of their emancipation. The American Indian children at the Carlisle Institute have given abundant proof of their capabilities, for the education of which the government of the United States of America expends annually $150 *per capita*. Within forty years the Japanese have learned completely the secrets of European science. These are important factors in giving hope for the elevation of the neglected children in India.

On the model of the Tuskegee Institute or the Industrial School at Carlisle, it is proposed to establish a school at Benares or Calcutta. A fund of *one hundred thousand dollars* is necessary to equip the institution. American, Indian and Japanese teachers will be appointed to teach the pupils. The curriculum of studies will include, on an elementary basis, spinning, weaving, embroidery, agriculture, horticulture, dairying, architecture, drawing, painting, domestic science, sanitation, hygiene, elementary medical science, ancient Indian art.

To all humanitarians, to all Christian philanthropists, I make this appeal, which I hope will not go unresponded to, for I have faith in the noble-minded American people.

Contributions by check or money order may be sent to the Bank of California, San Francisco, to the name of H. Dharmapala, marked "Indo-American Society for the elevation of the neglected children of India." Mrs. T. R. Foster, of Honolulu, has sent a donation of five hundred dollars for this work.

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Foreign Notes.

FROM THE FRENCH ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY.—For some time the little semi-monthly Bulletin of the *Union pour l'action morale* has been neglected until some half dozen numbers stare me in the face demanding inspection. As a matter of fact, its long psychological lectures and theoretical discussions do not often lend themselves well to the uses of a note-taker whose topics must be quite alive and interesting to overcome the average reader's dislike for "the fine print at the back of the paper." Nevertheless, had these little Bulletins been seen in time, some interesting paragraphs might have been gleaned from the discussions as to liberty of instruction or freedom to teach, growing out of the French association's bill and its enforcement. But that matter is now rather ancient history.

Just after the summer vacation, the Union seems to have given itself, through its Bulletin, to a sort of general taking account of stock after a ten years' existence; a consideration of what it stands, or has stood, for, and of the question whether it still has any reason to be. This discussion, as voiced in editorials and correspondence, strikes one as a sort of family matter, on which it would be an impertinence to intrude further than to report the consensus of opinion to the effect that "if the Union did not exist it would be necessary to create it, or to replace it if it should cease to be," its essential purpose being to develop and strengthen the spiritual life of those who no longer have a religion in the etymological sense of the word.

One correspondent quotes, however, from the early issues of the Bulletin the statement of an aim that one would like to inscribe where all might read in rich, luxurious, extravagant America. It is this: *"We wish to combat all that produces the distressing, immoral and antisocial multiplication of wants, all that excites in the minds of the people bitter envy, and establishes therein the idea that the end of life is freedom to enjoy."* Truly we should do well to take that as a motto for ourselves, and stop to consider the weighty reasons for a "simple life!"

Occasionally in these pages one comes across a delicious bit of self-analysis like the following:

"Solidarity is the common term for those ties of every sort that bind us to one another, ties of family, of association, of profession, of interest, of business, party, religion, of the nation and of humanity itself. These ties, which sustain and prolong in every direction our individual existence, how should we fail to see in them the matter of our most important duties, duties for every day and every hour? Certainly it is not we French people, particularly, who could dispute it, we

to whom society is so necessary. What do we lack most? Is it the taste and the need for sociability, or the strength to be sufficient to ourselves? We are constantly thinking of others, I would say of what others think of us, for our vanity agrees well with our sociability. When two Frenchmen meet, though they may have nothing to say to each other, they begin to chat together, and each of them listens to the other graciously, awaiting an opportunity to talk in his turn. Would it not be better if they knew how to keep still? I have often thought that it would have been a great advantage to us if all our writers of the nineteenth century, even the greatest of them, had passed through the school of Pythagoras, and been put to the test of silence, of quinquennial silence."

An article by Louis Boisse on the "Fetichism of action" attacks some of the current philosophy of living. We are told, says the author, that thought deters from action, but that it is action that counts, action concrete and visible. "It is loudly proclaimed that understanding is not everything, which we ourselves a little suspect; that it does not take the place of action, and that the speculative solution of the problem of life is not superior, nor even equivalent to its practical solution. What signifies is not discoursing about truth, but living it; it is even inconsistent to wish to define it, for that is to bring it down to the level of a thing. Recently some one has even gone so far as to write: 'Those who have achieved some real action know *that the idea is almost nothing, while the realization is almost the whole.*' All these tendencies seem to us the more disquieting because they come from minds whose training and habits naturally incline them to meditation. It appears to us that all this cannot go on without injury. We fear that France may soon become the last country in which people think. Such statements, in so far as they are exaggerated, seem to us to testify to a new superstition, which we would like to call the fanaticism or the fetichism of action. But why coin a phrase? An English author, well known to all readers and friends of the Bulletin, J. Stuart Blackie, in his excellent work, Self-Culture, protests against what he calls the folly of exteriority. There is, indeed, the evil. It resides today in that superstition which many fine minds profess in regard to visible facts and external phenomena. It is certainly legitimate to occupy one's self with these; it is not less so to keep intact the inner life. Without thought, without the inner life, it is impossible to take firm and definite possession of reality; on the contrary, it will take possession of us; the without will triumph over the within, matter will vanquish spirit. Without thought, finally, one can live but a restless, disjointed life; the continuity of our inner life is alone capable of assuring the fruitfulness of our activity."

M. E. H.

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